



Keep your skin so that you can always be proud of it

Your skin, just like the rest of your body, is constantly being rebuilt. Every day, in washing, you rub off dead cells. As this old skin dies, new skin forms. See that this new skin has a chance to be healthy and active.

### How to keep your skin active

Wash your face with care and take plenty of time to do it. Rub Woodbury's Facial Soap in gently for some time until the skin is softened and the pores open. Then apply cold water or ice for a full minute. This closes the pores, brings the blood to the surface and does more than any other one treatment to give you radiantly healthy skin.

The formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap was worked out by an authority on the skin and its needs. Woodbury's contains properties which stimulate and are an excellent tonic for the skin. Use the above treatment faithfully and it will not be long before you will have a skin which will be a constant source of satisfaction.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after the first cake.

## Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere

For 4c, we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. L, Spring Green Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

from that attitude of mind by virtue of impressive talents."

"Who, Monsieur Loti, is the greatest actress known to you?"

A look almost of surprise crossed the mobile countenance of the creator of "The Daughter of Heaven." "Sarah Bernhardt," he answered warmly, "to whom I have been bound in friendship for years and years and to whom I have dedicated my 'Mariage de Loti.'"

"That, by the way," he added, "was the book that established my name in the literary world. For that success I am in debt to another woman,—to Madame Juliette Adam, whose salon has exerted so powerful an influence upon French politics and literature. By publishing my book in 'The Nouvelle Revue' when I was a stranger to

the world of letters she really revealed me to the French public. That was the beginning of my career."

Thus Pierre Loti on women East and West. Where lies the heart of this exotic visionary in the end, however, came out at the conclusion of the interview.

"From New York you will go—where, Monsieur Loti?"

"To Hendaye, and soon thereafter back to Turkey,—to a corner of oldest Stamboul, home of silence and ancient peace. There all is unlike this turbulent Western world of yours. Turkey is of all countries in the world that in which the past has its most beautiful incarnations. Ah, it is there that wait all the most exquisite seductions of the Orient!"

## THANKSGIVING DOWN IN DIXIE

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

Hit were good fer Paul en' Silas.  
Hit were good fer Paul en' Silas.  
Hit were good fer Paul en' Silas!  
Hit's the oldtime religion—  
En' hit's good enough fer me!

IT is the same old song that Aunt Mahaly croons as Thanksgiving comes; but we're not going to have a camp meeting; just a jolly time, giving friends and kinsfolk a welcome to the old home, where the latch-string will be out. And their love for Aunt Mahaly's oldtime cooking I shall not forget; for my mind is intent on the cakes reposing in frosted, spicy splendor on the pantry shelves.

There are six black fruit cakes, a white one, two pound cakes, three sponge cakes, one spice cake, and one each of chocolate, orange, coconut, and caramel. Small Mary celebrates her birthday on Thanksgiving; so her special cake, with pink icing and five imposing pink candles, occupies a place of honor. Then there are the ten boxes of caraway seed cookies and "horsy cakes" for the children to nibble between meals. The candied grapefruit is as good as can be; so are the figs, stuffed with marshmallows and nuts, with which the girls will ruin their digestions at bedtime. The salted almonds and peanuts are just out of the oven, and the jars of brandy peaches, watermelon, sweet pickles, and stuffed peppers have been brought up from the cellar to the pantry for convenience. For the twentieth time, at least, I admire my handiwork with an ever-increasing delight that only a housekeeper can comprehend.

Through the open door again comes Aunt Mahaly's song, with its accompaniment of the mockingbirds singing in the magnolia trees:

Hit were good fer John the Baptis'.  
Hit were good fer John the Baptis'.  
Hit were good fer John the Baptis'.  
Hit's the oldtime religion—  
En' hit's good enough fer me!

BUT the concord of sweet sounds is brought to an abrupt close by stamping of horses and rattling of wagon wheels. Cakes, sausage, and pumpkins are forgotten, as we all rush out into the yard to welcome the additional Thanksgiving supplies from Goshen, the mountain farm. The white, canvas-covered wagons are filled with a bleeding, cackling, quacking, squawking conglomeration which Bill and the driver lift out, while Aunt Mahaly and I count and examine. The list is complete: one dozen turkeys, two crates of frying-size, fat, yellow chickens, six geese, one dozen ducks, and a lamb that looks at me so piteously that I innocently resolve to lude him down in the peach orchard until the last hungry guests depart. He will probably return such mistaken kindness by growing up into a foolish old sheep and a lifelong nuisance; pet lambs always do.

The country hams, sides of bacon, barrels of apples, potatoes, cabbage, and buckwheat flour were hauled down last week. Then, of course, there is the home garden, with carrots, turnips, salsify, salad onions, kale, parsley, celery, and in the cold frames head lettuce and radishes; not to mention the cellar closets, with their canned fruits and vegetables, jellies, preserves, and pickles. The food supply may seem large; yet it is not. Twenty-five grown people, with scattering children and nurses, have already announced their positive coming, and two or three more are coming if circumstances will permit. The length of their stay varies from two days to two weeks, and then dropping in for meals and to renew old friendships; while the young people in town will drive out to dance and spend the night.

Setting the table is a labor of love, and even Aunt Mahaly is not allowed to assist. No one but myself ever touches Grandmother's bouquet set of cut glass. I have not seen anything like it. It is the old Scottish

thistle pattern, and there are twenty pieces in the set. With that, if I am putting on a great many airs, I use the buff and gold china. Each piece has a different view of Naples and Vesuvius, with two human figures, on it. Grandfather bought it at the sale of Joseph Bonaparte's household goods. If I don't care for people, I use modern china and put them in the only modern room in the house. It relieves my feelings, and they never know.

FINDING room for so many people to sleep is more trouble than feeding them. Cots are kept in the attic for the boys; the children have cots placed for them in their mother's room; and the girls have cots put in my room, which is a very large one. I don't sleep a wink with that giggling crowd; but it's just one of the customs that somehow we seem never to change. And, after all, I should miss the noise and chatter and nightly confidences about everything under the sun. Each girl has her special quilt, without which she refuses to sleep. Jane's choice is a red and green "Temperance Tree" (why that name, I don't know, as it's the most temperate thing I ever saw). Catherine's favorite is a pink and blue "Philadelphia Pavement"; while Betty always covers herself with the "Lone Star of Texas." At bedtime, after a raid on the pantry for coconut cake and stuffed figs, they wrap up in their quilts, and sit on my bed and tell me all that has happened since they were last here.

With the older people the selection of rooms becomes difficult. Each one wants Mother's Room kept just as she left it. I open it only when her children come home; never for anyone else. The beautiful, carved four-post bed still has the knotted tester fringe she made for it; the ruffled linen pillowcases are also her handiwork, and so is the tufted counterpane. Hers also the beaded mats and pincushion on the mahogany bureau, where the red Bohemian glass set has stood ever since I can remember. On the candle stand at the head of the bed is her Bible; the brass candle stand and snuffer, and the copper-luster water set. Her sewing table with its tiny drawers is over by the fireplace, with its old-fashioned brass andirons, fender, and bellows. Her rocking chair, made without arms, so that her baby could be rocked comfortably, is still in its old place, with the low ottoman matching the chair right alongside; so the older children could take turns sitting by her to recite their Bible verses and catechism while she rocked the baby. Chair and ottoman are upholstered in black cloth, with roses and morning glory done in cross stitch, and if one were very careful, and sat exactly in the center, there was a beautiful purple rose on one side and a yellow morning glory on the other. So I was always very careful to sit exactly in the center. Somehow, it enabled one to rattle off the Ten Commandments without missing a word.

Even I, who live with it, can feel the absolute peace of the room, and I have often been really distressed to know what is really best to do, when different members of the family write to ask if they might stay in Mother's Room during their visit. However, the rule is now that it shall be occupied only by the one who has been ill or in trouble during the year, or, if all have been happily spared, the oldest of our kin has the honor of occupying it.

The Preacher's Room is another favorite. In Grandmother's day one minister would have charge of several churches, traveling from place to place, holding services at each in turn, and staying with the members of the congregation. All denominations were made welcome by Grandmother, and this room was a real prophet's chamber, set aside for the sole use of God's servants. Customs have changed since then; but the name remains. The four-post bed is so

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